"DEAR OLD MOTHER AND ME."

We lived in a cottage, years ago,
A cottage down by the sea,
There were only two of us living there,
Just dear old mother and me.

Daddy had gone on his last long cruise,
And Buddie was off at sea,
"Sis" was married, and so there were left
Just dear old mother and me.

The home was plain, but then it was "home,"
And a living we got from the sea;
We were happy together, I want you to know,
Just dear old mother and me.

But, an end must come to sorrow or joy,
And so, like a storm on the sea,
A shadow passed over the house where lived
Just dear old mother and me.

A beautiful boat appeared, one night,
And anchored off shore, at sea;
At dawned it sailed, and carried away
My dear old mother from me.

And now, a lone watch each night I keep,
Looking out toward the sea;
Hoping, some day that boat will return
With dear old mother, for me.

But no, a boat I must prepare,
For a cruise on the Crystal sea,
A beautiful trip, to last alway
For dear old mother and me.
—William R. Savage, in Sailor's Magazine.

A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"By Jove! but she is a magnificently strong type," he mused, lying flat on his back and staring absently at the flittering shadows among the deck beams overhead. "Her face is as readable as only the face of a woman instinctively good and pure in heart can be. Any man who can put her between the covers of a book may put anything else he pleases in it and snap his fingers at the world. If I am going to live in the same town with her I ought to jot her down in words before I lose the keen edge of the first impression."

He considered it for a moment, and then got up and went in quest of a pencil and a scrap of paper. The dozing night clerk gave him both, with a sleepy malediction thrown in; and he went back to his engine-room and scribbled his word-picture by the light of the swinging lantern, thus:

"Character-study: Young woman of the type Western-Creole—not the daughter of aliens, but born in the West of parents who have migrated from one of the older States. (I'll hazard that much as a guess.) Details: Titian blonde, with hair like spun bronze; the complexion that neither freckles nor tans; cool, gray eyes with an under-depth in them that no man but her lover may ever quite fathom; a figure which would be statuesque if it were not altogether human and womanly; features cast in the Puritan mold, with the lines of character well emphasized; lips that would be passionate but for—no, lips that will be passionate when the hour and the man arrive. A soul strong in the strength of purity, which would send her to the stake for a principle, or to the Isle of Lepers with her lover. A typical heroine for a story in which the hero is a man who might need to borrow a conscience."

He read it over thoughtfully when it was finished, changing a word here and a phrase there with a craftsman's fidelity to the exactnesses. Then he shook his head regretfully and tore the scrap of paper into tiny squares, scattering them upon the brown flood surging past the engine-room gangway.

"It won't do," he confessed, reluctantly, as one who sacrifices good literary material to an overweening sense of the fitness of things. "It's nothing less than cold-blooded sacrilege. I can't make copy out of her if I write no more while the world stands."

CHAPTER VI.

Charlotte Farnham's friends were wont to say of her that she was as sensible as she was beautiful. She was, as Griswold had guessed, of New England lineage. Her parents had migrated for the health of the wife, but the migration had been postponed too long. The mother died in the early Minnesota days, but the daughter lived to grow up unspoiled and beautiful.

She had been spending the winter at Pass Christian with her aunt, who was an invalid; and for the invalid's sake the return passage was taken on the "Belle Julie." On the morning of the second day out, when the New Orleans papers came aboard, the two of them were sitting in the shade of the hurricane deck aft. Charlotte bought a paper and read the account of the bank robbery with a little gasp of belated horror.

"What is it, Charlotte?" asked the invalid.

Charlotte read the reporter's story.

"Dear me! How shockingly bold!" commented Miss Gilman.

"Yes; but that wasn't what made me gasp. The paper says: 'A young lady was at the teller's window'—Aunt Fanny, I was the 'young lady.'"

"You? Horrors!" ejaculated the invalid.

"It's true. And I had no more idea—why, it seems incredible."

"I should think it would."

"There wasn't anything about it to suggest a robbery," Charlotte went on. "The man was smiling, and he had a good face—a face that one would trust almost intuitively."

"Charlotte!" exclaimed her aunt. "I do hope they can't trace you by your father's draft."

"What if they could?"

"Don't you see! You'd be dragged into court to identify the robber. And that would be simply dreadful."

"I shouldn't want to be dragged. It would be a simple duty to go willingly. More than that, I think I ought to write to Mr. Galbraith and give him my name and address."

But at this the invalid protested with what authority there was in her, and Charlotte agreed finally to wait until the matter of duty had been submitted to her father.

Here the subject was dropped, and Charlotte went to her stateroom to get a book for herself and a magazine for the invalid. It was a full hour later, and Miss Gilman was deep in the last installment of the magazine serial, when Charlotte gave up the struggle with the book. Do what she could, the scene in the bank would thrust itself between; and at length she let the thought have its will of her.

From where she was sitting she could see the steamer's yawl swinging from its tackle on the stern-staff. In the midst of the reminiscent thought, she saw that the ropes were working loose; that the yawl would presently fall. When she rose to go and tell some one, a man came aft to make the tackle fast, and she stepped aside to let him pass.

It was Griswold. She saw his face as he passed, and there was something strangely familiar in it. When he had fastened the rope and was returning, she had a fair look at him and for an instant was fain to grip the back of her chair to keep from crying out. For in that instant she recognized him.

Now, this young woman was wise beyond her years, and she knew what she had to do. None the less, she was a true woman, with a heart full of tenderness and pity. So it is not wonderful that for a moment conscience turned traitor, and was dumb. But it was only for a moment. The simple and obvious thing to do was to go at once and tell the captain what she had discovered; and she was deterred from so doing only by the reflection that a less terrible alternative would be the sending of a letter to the New Orleans bank people.

This she determined upon, telling her aunt nothing of her discovery, but merely saying that upon second thought she felt that she must write to Mr. Galbraith at once. Miss Gilman withdrew her objections reluctantly.

"If you must, Charlotte. But it seems like a very dreadful thing for you to have to do."

"It is very dreadful," said Charlotte, with a sob in her voice. Nevertheless, she went away quickly to write the letter which should set the machinery of the law in motion.

CHAPTER VII.

In yielding to the impulse of the moment which prompted him to borrow the identity of John Gavitt, Griswold was not without some forecastings of the event. He knew that the river steamers were manned by pick-up crews assembled at the last mo-

HE LIFTED HIM BODILY.

ment, and reasoned that the officers of the "Belle Julie" would not yet have had time to individualize the members of the crew.

But, apart from this, he was not unwilling to add another chapter to his experience among the toilers; and as to this, he immediately found himself in a fair way to acquire the coveted meed of it. From the hour of his enlistment, it was heaped upon him unstintingly. Without having specialized himself in any way to the bullying chief mate, he fancied he was made to bear the brunt of the man's wrath. Curses, tongue-lashings without mercy; contumely and abuse, with now and then at the night landings, when no passengers were looking on, blows.

All these buffetings, or at least his share of them, Griswold endured as became a man who had voluntarily put himself in the way of such things. And, fortunately, he was not hopelessly unequal to the physical trial. Physically, as intellectually, the material in him was of the fine-grained sort in which quality counts for more than quantity. None the less, the first night with its uncounted plantation landings, tried him sorely, and he was thankful when the second day brought fewer stopping-places and more time for rest.

It was in one of the restful intervals that he had been sent aft to readjust the tackle of the suspended yawl. He had come upon Miss Farnham and her aunt unexpectedly, and so was off his guard; and he made sure the young woman had recognized him. If so, what would she do? He recalled his written summary of her character, and decided that she would be sexless and just before she would be womanly and merciful. At least he hoped she would. Ideals are much too precious to be shattered by mere considerations of personal safety.

But while he theorized upon the probabilities, he was fully alive to the necessity for prompt action. If Miss Farnham had discovered him, she would doubtless lose no time in giving the alarm. She might even now be in conference with the captain, he thought.

At this he had his first shock of genuine terror. Up to that moment he had suffered none of the pains of the hunted fugitive; but now he knew that he had fairly entered the gates of the outlaw's inferno; that he should never again know what it was to be wholly free from the terror of the arrow that flieth by day.

The force of the Scriptural simile came to him with startling emphasis, bringing on a return of the prickling paralysis of fear; but he shook it off and ran aft to rummage under the cargo for his precious bundle. For the whistle was sounding for a landing, and it was high time that he was afoot and fleeing. But when his hand reached the place where the bundle should have been, the blood surged to his brain and set up a clamorous dinning in his ears. The niche under the coffee sacks was empty.

CHAPTER VIII.

While Griswold was grappling afresh with the problems of escape, Charlotte was sitting behind the locked door of her stateroom, trying to write her letter.

She knew it would be hard, but it proved much harder than she had feared it would be. Try as she might, she could not eliminate the factor of personality. Truly, this man was no more to her than any stranger in the passing show, an impersonal unit of a class with which society is at war; and yet, at the end of every effort, the point of view shifted, and in the whole world there were but two persons; a man who had sinned, and a woman who was about to make him pay the penalty.

Nevertheless, conscience was not to be denied; and after many futile beginnings, the fateful letter got itself written, and she went out to mail it at the office. As it happened, the "Belle Julie" was slowing for a landing, and the office was closed. And since she would by no means entrust the letter to the outside mail box, she waited till the clerk should return.

The doors giving upon the saloon deck forward were open, and she stepped out. The crew was grouped about the uptilted landing-stage, and he was there—this man for whose future she was about to become answerable.

One glimpse of his face, haggard and woe-begone beyond any imaginings of hers, slew her resolve on the eve of its accomplishment, and she turned and ran back to the stateroom, saying over and over to herself as she fled: "Oh, I can't! I can't!—and yet I must!"

It was noon before she opened her door again at the luncheon call, and went aft to bring her aunt to the table. What she had endured in the interval, none might know; not even the sympathetic invalid, who more than once looked askance at the troubled eyes with their downcast lids.

At their end of the table, the talk rippled about the bank robbery; and when Capt. Mayfield mentioned the fact of the $10,000 reward which had been offered, Charlotte was moved to say:

"That seems dreadfully barbarous—to set a price on the head of a human being."

A gentleman across the table took it up.

"But, Miss Farnham, would you have us turn thief-catchers for the mere honor of it?"

"For the love of justice, or not at all," she rejoined.

The gentleman demurred and went into details to prove his position; and the details only served to affront Charlotte's sense of the fitness of things.

"Do you mean to say that you would accept the reward, Mr. Latrobe?" she asked.

"Certainly I should; anyone would."

She knew the frank admission stood for public opinion, and went dumb. She might call the reward blood-money and refuse to touch it, but only those of her own circle would know and believe the truth. And the wretched man himself would always believe that she had sold him for a price.

That evening, after dinner, she sought the captain to ask a question.

"Do you know the law in Louisiana, Capt. Mayfield? This man who robbed the bank; what would his penalty be?"

"I don't know, precisely. Twenty years in the chain-gang, I should say."

The "Belle Julie" was pausing at a small hamlet on the west bank of the river, and the captain pointed to a squad of prisoners in chains, repairing a breach in the levee.

"That's where he'll land when they catch him," he added. "He'll have to be pretty tough to outlive his sentence."

And Charlotte turned away with a sob at the catching of her breath.

CHAPTER IX.

In any conflict between duty and inclination it is only the final step which is irrevocable; and in Charlotte's case this step was the mailing of her letter. All through the long afternoon she had tried vainly to screw her courage to the sticking point, and had failed. But when she went to bed with the thought that she would surely do it in the morning, she had overlooked the fact that an outraged conscience fights best in the night watches.

That was why she had to get up at midnight and dress, and go out to have the dreadful thing over with before ever sleep would come, if haply it might come then.

But once again fate intervened.

While she was hurriedly dressing, the whistle sounded for a landing; and when she reached the office, it was again closed. As before, she stepped out on the saloon deck to wait. The great electric searchlight just over her head made the landing as light as day, and when she reached the rail the landing-stage was just coming aboard for the departure.

Two men whose duty it was to cast off ran out on the tilting platform and dropped to the ground. One of them fell clumsily; but the other ran up the bank and loosened the mooring line. The steamer began to swing off, and the man ran back to his companion, who seemed to be unable to rise.

"Get a move on youse!" bellowed the mate.

Then Charlotte saw that the fallen man was disabled in some way, and that the other was trying to lift him. The mate swore out of a full heart.

"Come aboard, or I'll skin ye alive, ye skulkin'—"

Charlotte put her fingers in her ears to shut out the clamor of profanity; but the man on the bank was deaf to it. Running to the mooring-post, he took a turn of the line around it, and snubbed the steamer's bow back to the bank. Then, casting off, he darted back to the disabled one, lifted him bodily to the guard, and climbed aboard himself.

Charlotte held her breath while it was doing, and was near crying out in sheer enthusiasm when it was done. Then she saw the face of the chief actor in the red furnace glow; it was the face of the man she was constrained to denounce.

She turned away at the sight, but the harsh voice of the mate called her back. There was trouble afoot for the rescuer, who was facing the mate and trying to explain.

[To Be Continued.]

KNEW HE WAS FROM TEXAS.

New Man in an Office Makes a Break That Marks Him as a Lone Star Product.

"An unusually quiet sort of a chap was the new man in the office," said a railroad man recently, relates the Chicago Chronicle, "and, as he didn't seem disposed to take any of us into his confidence, we didn't question him much. A slight southern flavor in what little he had to say led us to believe that he was from down that way somewhere, but we curbed our curiosity as to where he came from, at least as far as he was concerned, and took it out in speculating on it among ourselves. One day, when we were all digging into things on our desks, the tire on a bicycle in the rack outside burst with the report most of us were familiar with. Up jumps the new man, and, rushing toward the door excitedly, shouts:

"Somebody's shot!"

When we told him what it was, and quieted him down, I walked over to his desk and asked:

"'What part of Texas did you come from, sir?'

"'Belmont,' he said. 'What made you think I came from Texas?'"

The Compositor.

Compositors on newspapers have to run up against fearful and wonderful orthography that will slip into their domain despite the argus eyes of the editors; and chirographies, blunt and chunky, "fine Italian" and the "low Dutch" and all the gradations between, make them a tired lot. Sometimes they are provoking—for instance, when it was reported in the press dispatches some time ago that a train ran into a cow and "cut it into calves." William J. Bryan was once described as the "spout" of his party when "spirit" had been the compliment intended. As these errors have some wit in them, one naturally concludes that the wily compositor knew better, but couldn't resist the fun and a chuckle in his own sleeve. But it was too, too much, when a New York paper announced recently that Miss —— wore, in addition, of course, to other apparel, a "magnificent job lot of sable." "Jabot" was the feature meant.—Detroit Free Press.

Gave Them Their Names.

Some years ago a good story was told, in which Prince Munster was concerned. He (then only a count), together with Count Beust and Count Schouvaloff, was attending a foreign office reception in London. Their names afforded no slight difficulty to the thoroughly English footman, who announced the guests by shouting their names up the great staircase. Count Schouvaloff arrived first, and the footman duly announced him as "Count Shuffleoff." Then came Count Beust, whose name in the servitor's mouth became "Count Beast." Lastly, Count Munster appeared, and the footman, evidently feeling that a supreme effort was required, finished off by calling out "Count Monster."—London Globe.

Natural to Him.

"Your husband," said Mrs. Oldcastle, as she again availed herself of the privilege of inspecting the splendid library of the new neighbors, "seems to have a particularly fine taste for articles of virtu."

"Yes," her hostess replied, "I know it. But then it's only natural he should have. Josiah's one of the virtuousest persons—for a man—that I ever seen."—Chicago Record-Herald.

HUMOROUS.

She—"They say her father has spent $5,000 on her voice." He—"It needed every cent of it."—Indianapolis News.

Mrs. Harlemite—"Twenty-five cents for that bit of ice! Isn't that awfully dear?" Iceman—"No, mum, the water in the lake was very high when that ice was cut."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"You don't even know how to make a lemon tart," remarked the cooking school girl with fine scorn. "It isn't necessary to make a lemon tart," replied the other. "All the lemons I've ever seen were pretty tart already."—Philadelphia Record.

Queer.—"Yes, I still have the first dollar I ever made," said the gray-haired passenger. "The idea!" exclaimed the traveling acquaintance, "and how did you keep it so long?" "It was very imperfect, being my first, and I'd have had trouble in passing it."—Philadelphia Press.

"I suppose," said Mr. Olds, "if I were were to start smoking again it would set the children a bad example." "It would, indeed," replied his wife. "It's very thoughtful and unselfish in you to consider that." "Yes, so I've decided to send the children right off to boarding school where they won't see me."—Philadelphia Press.

"I think Miss Sharp is particularly happy in the use of terms in her references to literature." "What does she say?" "She says she has dipped into this, pored over that and dabbled in the other, until she is fairly saturated with the literature of to-day." "What has she been reading?" "Modern wishy-washy novels."—Indianapolis News.

The Proper Term.—Martha, the colored washerwoman, was complaining of her husband's health to one of her patrons. "He's ve'y po'ly ma'am; ve'y po'ly. He's got dat exclamatory rheumatism." "You mean inflammatory, Martha. Exclamatory is from exclaim, which means to cry out." "Yes, miss," answered Martha, with conviction, "dat's what it is. He hollers all de time."—Christian Register

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Once Called Goring House and Only by Chance Came to Be the Residence of Royalty.

Buckingham palace is to-day one of London's most comfortable mansions. Extensive alterations were carried out at the beginning of the year, and the private apartments were completely modernized. His majesty's suite of rooms is situated in the right wing, looking on to the gardens, which, as everyone knows, run up Constitution Hill, says the London Express. They are 40 acres in extent; a particular feature of them is the lake, covering no less than five acres. There are boats on it, and at royal garden parties they are manned by the royal watermen in their state liveries for the pleasure of any of the guests who may care for a row.

The gardens are beautifully laid out, and are well wooded. The prospect from the king's apartments does not in the slightest suggest that the palace lies in the very heart of the metropolis, girt by a belt of brick and mortar from half a dozen to a dozen miles in breadth. It was only by chance that Buckingham palace ever became a royal residence. It occupies the site of the mulberry gardens laid out by James I. in his unsuccessful attempt to start a silk industry in London. Subsequently these gardens became a public pleasure ground — "a silly place with a wilderness somewhat pretty," according to Pepys—where the fashionable thing to do was to go and eat mulberry tarts.

The house was originally called Goring house; the name was next changed to Arlington house, and when, in 1703, John Sheffield, duke of Buckingham, bought it, it became Buckingham house. The duke of Buckingham demolished the old structure, and built in its place a mansion of red brick. When George III. was looking out for a more commodious house than St. James' palace, Buckingham house happened to be in the market, and he bought it for only £21,000. With the exception of George IV., all the children of George III. were born under its roof.

In 1775 the property was settled by act of parliament on Queen Charlotte, in exchange for Somerset house, and then became known as Queen's house. The old name of Buckingham house was revived when in 1825 the present building was begun by George IV., according to the designs of John Nash. William IV. never cared for it, and so did not live there. It was only in the last reign, when Queen Victoria took up her residence, that the mansion at last came to be styled Buckingham palace. Here in 1840 their first child, the princess royal — Empress Frederick—was born to Queen Victoria and the prince consort, and here also, in the following year, on November 9, was born their second child King Edward VII.

A Kingly Prerogative.

It is not generally known that King Edward since his accession to the throne has become the guardian of the children of the prince and princess of Wales, and of his other grandchildren, over whom he has complete control, the rights of their parents being superseded. This was decided to be law nearly 200 years ago, by a majority of 10 to 2 of the judges. The right was frequently used by the Georges, who had a habit of quarreling with their sons. Before members of the royal family can marry they will have to obtain King Edward's consent, or the marriage is void. George III. managed to secure this power by means of the royal marriage act, in consequence of his brothers marrying subjects, to his great annoyance.—London Tit Bits.

The Burlington's New Fast Denver Train.

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